

# THE BISBEE DAILY REVIEW

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## 150 PERISH IN MOST SICKENING HOLOCAUST

### SMELTER BILL IN CALIFORNIA HITS ARIZONA

Roland King Starts Hard Fight to Kill Obnoxious Measure Before It Becomes Law

### PREW GETS CAPITAL FOR TOMBSTONE MINES

Bisbee Man Said to Have Offered \$100 for Position As Teacher in Southern California

(Special to the Review.)  
LOS ANGELES, Cal., March 25.—In the smoke of a dense ignorance of their subject, California legislators in the lower house dealt a hard blow to the copper mining industry of Arizona by the passage of the Cronin bill. The measure is called "a bill to regulate smelters," but its provisions are ever carried out to smelter smelters, for that is the undoubted effect it will have.

The vote on the bill in the lower house was 45 to 29, but there is hope that the senate will smash it into kinders. It is more than likely that now that the bill has emerged from the seclusion in which its author and his backers have been keeping the measure, publicity will kill it dead. It is a last year's fried oyster when it comes to vote in the upper house. It will if the Chamber of Mines and Oil of Los Angeles has anything to do with it.

King to the Rescue.  
Under the leadership of Roland King, whose boast it is that he knows every citizen of Arizona "by the front name," the chamber has already started in on a hard fight to kill the measure before it becomes a law. Cronin, who comes from the district where the fight against the Selby smelters has been waging for so long, thinks he knows what ought to be done, but the truth of the matter, say the local experts of Los Angeles and elsewhere, is that his ignorance is as dense, if not denser, than ever was smoke belched forth by any smelter. Cronin's bill would put the entire control of all smelters, from Shastar county to the Needles, into the hands of the State Board of Health, whose members have not heretofore been considered experts on the subject. The measure requires that smelters shall not emit smoke and gases in quantities great enough to injure vegetation or human beings, and limits the amount of sulphuric acid gas the fumes shall contain to two and one half grains. This, declare the smelter folk, is beyond all reason, beyond even the capabilities of modern science, is in short, impossible, and if insisted upon, will put the smelters out of business.

Will Make Hard Fight.  
Said Roland King, in talking about the bill yesterday:—"It is entirely too stringent in its provisions. My attention was called to it the other day by a communication from friends in Bisbee, who are interested in the United States Smelter at Needles. They asked me to look into the provisions of the bill and find out why its author has been keeping so much in the back ground. I did so, and on discovering what the measure means to the producers of copper ore throughout this state and Arizona, the interests of whom are identical, I at once notified the Chamber of Mines and Oil and we are planning a hard fight. What the outcome will be I am of course unable to say, but we are going to do our very best."

"We have not as yet completed our plans for opposing the measure, but will do so within a day or so, as soon, indeed, as we are able to get word from the management of several smelters to whom we have written asking for their views. One or two have already answered our letters, and they denounce the proposed law. One other producer from the Bisbee region, whose name I cannot give out, declares that if the bill passes

### SCORES OF FIRST BALL GAMES

ANNAPOLIS—University of Pennsylvania 18, United States Naval Academy 3.  
WEST POINT—United States Military Academy 3, Rutgers 2.  
BERKELEY, California 4, Stanford 2, ten innings.  
ATLANTA, Ga., Brooklyn Nationals 3, Atlanta 2.  
CHARLESTON—Philadelphia Americans 3, Charleston 0.  
LOUISVILLE—Cincinnati (Nationals) 6, Louisville 4.  
MEMPHIS—Chicago Nationals 9, Memphis 4.  
OKLAHOMA CITY—Chicago Americans 14, Oklahoma City 0.  
RALEIGH—Philadelphia Nationals 4, Agricultural college 6.

It will come near to driving him out of business completely."

Capital For Tombstone.  
M. D. Prew, the mining man, has been successful in getting capital interested in his mines near Tombstone. Just how much money is to be put into the property, which is said to be located within a few miles of town, has not been made public, but it will probably become known before long, if it turns out to be so very important.

Another item of interest is the recent visit paid to local capitalists by R. M. Patison, the manager of the Shattuck, who dropped in on several of his friends during the early part of the week. He is reported to have a deal in contemplation.

Bass After Water.  
Friends of W. W. Bass, whose wife has been in the hospital here for so long, will be glad to know that she is much better, according to report here. He has been in town this week, having come here partly to see Mrs. Bass and partly in the interests of a huge water deal that he has in mind, and plans pushing hard. His bee folks will remember what Roosevelt said at the opening of the big dam last week, regarding the diversion of the water rights of the Colorado, should congress make the Grand Canyon into a national park. Well, Bass took the matter up at once and has been here shoving for all he is worth to get his plans into such shape that if the solons at Washington decide to reserve the Canyon his property will not be cut off from all water supply.

That has kept him pretty busy, and when it is known that in addition to that he has been busy—fairly so—over the details of a deal or two regarding his asbestos and copper properties, it will be seen that there was little or no time for him to waste during his short visit here.

Could Not Endure His Past.  
Remorse for the past that he declared he "could not wipe out," and a yearning for a sweetheart he could never forget caused an Arizona man to attempt to end his life the other day by inhaling illuminating gas. John F. Moran, 33 years old, formerly employed at the White House Cafe at Ray, Ariz., got a room at the Metropolitan hotel on South Main street the other day, went up stairs and wrote two notes, both beginning "now I lay me down to sleep." The notes and the prayer were addressed to no one in particular, but apparently to the universe generally, which, according to his showing, has treated him rather shabbily. The notes follow:

"I love California and that is the reason I came here to die," he writes in one of the letters. "Please don't think hard of me. I have been one of the best of good fellows in my time, but the world has been mean to me. Poor Jack." The other note reads:—"If I could only blot out that hideous past—if I could only blot out—had her love never been here, I would be happy today. But for me now the life is cast. My heart often yearns to reform, but it is too late—too late. If I could only blot out the past, Poor Jack."

Several letters from his wife, who is now in Miami, Ariz., asking for the return of her pictures, "because you know you now love Elaine," were found in the man's pockets. He is in a fair way to recover from the effects of the gas.

Bisbee Man Offers \$100 Bribe.  
An Arizona chap, Bisbee, too, by the way, has been the cause of a lot of heartburning and not a little amusement as well, in the office of the superintendent of schools, Keppel, who wants to know whether other Ariz.

### MURDERERS PLAY CARDS HANGMAN'S NOOSE STAKE

But Hard Hearted Court Spoils It by Passing Sentence In Harmony With Finding of Jury

DENVER, March 25.—A game of seven-up, the stake a hangman's noose, was played by two condemned murderers in their cell at the county jail today. The players were Michael H. Murphy, whose sentence had been fixed at life imprisonment by the jury that found him guilty of murder of his former sweetheart, Antolia Wunderle, and the other was Lewis Weichter, adjudged guilty of murdering W. Cliff Burrows. In his case the jury fixed hanging as the punishment.

"But the game was not finished, for Murphy was taken to court, there to be sentenced to life imprisonment by Judge Bliss."

"You need not look to this court for any mitigation of your sentence," said Judge Bliss.

Weichter was dealing the game. "Let's play for sentences," said he to Murphy, his cell mate. "If I win I'll take your place. If I lose I'll take my own medicine. My life against yours."

"Dose," said Murphy, and the game started, never to be finished.

Voicing the fact that this country's predilection to importation of its art might lead to the importation of its children, he asserted that statistics found that this country is going the way of France, America's increase of population coming from abroad and not from its own people.

"All thought of training the next generation," he vigorously declared "is waste, though it is not to be a next generation to train. The first duty of any nation is to perpetuate its own life and its own blood. If you do not believe in your own stock, you're not good Americans, you're not good patriots. If you do not believe in it, I won't regret its speedy extinction. I shall welcome," he warmly cried, "any race that will take your place and perform its duty of propagating its own kind."

"I am greatly pleased to receive your very kind message, conveyed to me through my ambassador at Washington, and I thank you for it. I was already well convinced that you had given no credence to the false and wicked reports regarding Japan, but it was especially a source of profound satisfaction to me to receive from you the assurance that the relations of amity and good understanding between our two countries were never better and more cordial than at this time. I am most happy to be able to entirely reciprocate that assurance."

(Signed) MUTSUHITO.

### 26 SOULS SINK TO DEATH WITH DOOMED SHIP

Shut Up in Cabins to Escape Storm Passengers Are Helpless

VICTORIA, March 25.—Every person on board the small wooden steamer, Secheit, which capsize off Beachy Head, Vancouver island, during a gale yesterday, perished, and apparently the sea gulped down every morsel of the vessel.

It is not known positively how many persons were on the Secheit when it left Victoria for Cook's Bay. The prevailing report is thirty nine. That thirteen passengers landed at William Head, and that twenty two passengers, and crew of four, went down with the boat.

The thirteen passengers who landed at William Head are Greeks and Italians, bound for a railroad construction camp at Piddar Bay. Frank McKenna, aged 21, formerly of the United States navy, also landed when the Secheit left William Head.

The sets were running high, hail and rain were falling, and a heavy mist prevailed. The consensus of reports is that the vessel swung around into the trough of the sea and hung this way about six minutes, when the wind appeared to strike her full broadside. She keeled over as disengaged almost instantly. Owing to weather conditions all the passengers were shut up in cabins and must have been carried below when the vessel foundered.

DOUGLAS WOMEN GO TO POLLS IN STORM  
FOUR HUNDRED FEMALE SUFFRAGISTS DEFEAT SOCIALIST AND ELECT RICE  
DOUGLAS, March 25.—Despite a raging dust storm, which later turned to rain, 400 women went to the polls here today to cast their votes for a school trustee. Interest in the campaign centered in the candidacy of Alvin Taylor, a socialist, who issued circulars attacking the present school system.

H. B. Rice, a democrat, who entered the race at the last moment, was elected, the vote being: Rice 460; Taylor 298; Stevens 49. Total votes cast, 797.

NO TRACE OF BANDITS.  
COFFEYVILLE, Kans., March 25.—Although the sheriffs of Montgomery county, Kansas, and Nowata county, Oklahoma, several deputies and a number of special detectives have searched the hills in every direction from Lenap, Okla., where four men held up a train yesterday, not the slightest trace of the bandits was found.

### PROPAGATE OR EXTINCTION IS DOOM OF RACE

Teddy Says Population Increase Comes By Steam-er, Not Stork Route

BERKELEY, Cal., March 25.—Theodore Roosevelt delivered the second of his series of Earl lectures to an enthusiastic audience of close to 10,000 people. The theme was the "Child" was the subject of the address, and civic duties, even effecting a casual reference to woman suffrage.

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### "NO TIME FOR BARKING CURS"—BALLINGER

EX-CABINET OFFICER FAVORS FEDERAL PROSECUTION OF CRIMES OF OFFICIALS

SEATTLE, Wash., March 25.—The citizens of Seattle tonight paid a tribute of respect and sympathy to Richard A. Ballinger, for two years secretary of interior, during most of which time he was involved in a bitter controversy over his policy of conservation.

The great dining room of Hotel Washington was thrown open to the public and there, attended by Mayor George W. Dilling and the presidents of ten social organizations, Ballinger received greetings from his friends and sympathizers. A procession of people numbering several thousand passed along the receiving line.

Mr. Ballinger in his address said: "You cannot stop to curse every cur that barks at your heels. In view of my experience in public life at Washington, I have wondered how it is possible to call good men from prosperous, happy lives into the dangers of public service."

"Give them just and secure protection against scandal mongers and political intriguers, is the only way, it seems to me, to protect honest and trustworthy public officials against such assassins of character, and make it the duty of the attorney general to prosecute at public expense the wicked defamer of his official acts."

RUSSIA TAKES THE FINAL STEPS TO COERCE CHINA.  
Next Tuesday Set as the Date For Answer to Ultimatum.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 25.—The government is determined to force China to decisive action with regard to the Russian demand that the provisions of the treaty of 1881 be complied with.

Russia's ultimatum which has been presented to the administration at Peking, declares that China must give a satisfactory answer to the Russian note of February 16, setting forth in detail the Russian claims. Before March 28, otherwise it will hold the Chinese government responsible for such action as Russia deems advisable to take.

### Girl Operatives In Shirt Factory In New York City Caught In Upper Stories; Sixty Jump and Are Crushed on Flagstones; the Rest are Suffocated In Dense Mass; No Outside Fire Escapes on Buildings.

NEW YORK, March 25.—One hundred and fifty persons, about 125 of them girls from the east side, were crushed to death on the pavement, smothered by smoke, or burned to a crisp this afternoon in the worst fire since the steamer Slocum was burned in 1904.

Nearly all the victims were employed by the Triangle Shirt Waist company on the eighth, ninth and tenth floor of a ten story loft building at 23 Washington Place, in the downtown wholesale district. The partners of the firm, Isaac Harris and Max Blanck, escaped, carrying over an adjoining roof Blanck's two young daughters and their governess. There was no outside fire escape on the building.

How the fire started perhaps will never be known. The corner of the eighth floor was the point of origin, and the three upper floors only were swept.

On the ninth floor fifty bodies were found, sixty three or more were crushed to death by jumping, more than thirty were clogged in elevator shafts. The loss to property will not exceed \$100,000.

Pedestrians going home through Washington Place ten minutes to five o'clock were scattered by the whizz of something rushing through the air before them, and with horrible thud on the pavement a body was flattened on the flagstones. Wayfarers on the opposite side shaded their eyes against the setting sun and saw the windows of three floors black with girls crowding to the sills.

"Don't jump," they yelled. But the girls saw no alternative. The pressure of maddened hundreds behind their own fears was too strong. They began to fall to the side walk.

Four alarms were rung within fifteen minutes. Before the engines could respond, before nets could be stretched or ladders raised, the girls had fallen from the eighth and ninth floors so heavily that they crushed through the very streets to the vaults below. In an hour the fire was out. In half an hour it had done its work. Probably the death list was complete in twenty minutes.

The building stands on a corner with exposure on two sides, but the only fire escape was in the interior opening on a light and air shaft. In all there were seven exits, the single fire escape, two freight elevators at the rear, two passenger elevators in front, and two stairways. All proved almost useless and practically all who escaped either climbed to the roof of the building occupied by the American Book company, adjoining, or fled in the first rush for safety before the crush and smoke grew too thick.

The building stands tonight as a shell intact, the partitions of architectural tiling between floor and floor are sound, and it is impossible for one who sees it to imagine how the flames in so short a space of time could have wrought such havoc. Seven hundred hands, 500 of them women, were employed by the shirt waist company. They sat in rows at whirling machines, the tables before them piled with flimsy cloth, the floor littered with lint, the air itself full of flying, inflammable dust.

Flames Sear Lungs.  
The first rush of flames was almost an explosion, catching the operatives at their chairs, and their lungs were seared by inhaling the flames. Others rushed for the elevator shafts after cars had made the last trip. Still others were pushed off the inadequate interior fire escape.

In such a horrible stream did bodies overflow the windows that the fire nets stretched by the first company to arrive was soon gorged beyond its capacity. Twelve bodies weighted one net to the bursting point, but the bodies kept tumbling to the pavement through meshes that could no longer sustain them.

When the first breath of flames curled over the edge of a pile of shirting on the eighth floor, five minutes before quitting time, hundreds were in line before the cashier's window. In the office building across from Washington Place scores of men detained beyond office hours, worked at desks. One of them saw a girl rush to the window and throw up the sash. Behind her danced a seething curtain of yellow flame. She climbed the sill, and stood as a black out line against the light, hesitating, then as the last touch of futile thrift, slipped a champagne bag over her wrist and jumped. The body went whirling downward through the woven wire glass of a canopy to the flagstones below. Others followed and flashed through the air like rockets.

Awful Drop to Death.  
It was eighty five feet from the eighth floor to the ground, ninety five feet from the ninth floor, and 110 feet from the cornice, and the crackle of the flames drowned the cries.

Six girls fought their way to a window on the ninth floor over the bodies of fallen fellow workers and crawled out on the eight inch stone ledge. More than 100 feet above the sidewalk they crawled, swinging to an electric feed wire spanning Washington Place. The leaders paused for companions to catch up at the end of the ledge, and the six grabbed the wire simultaneously. It snapped like a rotten whip cord and they crashed down to death.

A thirteen years old girl hung for three minutes by her finger tips to the sill on the tenth floor window. A tongue of flame licked her fingers and she dropped into the life net held by firemen. Two women fell into the net at almost the same moment. The strands parted and the two were added to the death list. A girl threw her pocket book, then hat, then furs from the tenth floor window. A moment later her body came whirling after them to death.

Pathetic Fa'well.  
At a ninth floor window a man and woman appeared. The man embraced the woman and kissed her. Then he hurried her to the street and jumped. Both were killed.

Five girls smashed a pane of glass, dropped in a struggling tangle, and were crushed into a shape less mass.

A girl on the eighth floor leaped for a fireman's ladder, which had reached only to the sixth floor. She missed and was picked up with her back broken.

From a window a girl of thirteen, a woman, a man and two women with their arms about each other threw themselves to the ground in rapid succession. A little girl was hurried to the New York hospital in an automobile. She screamed as the driver-police man led her into the hall way. A surgeon came out, gave one look at her face, and touched her wrist "She is dead," he said.

Crush Through Frail Blanket.  
One girl jumped into a horse blanket held by firemen and policemen. The blanket ripped like cheese cloth and the body was mangled almost beyond recognition. Another dropped into tarpaulin held by three men. Her weight tore it from their grasp and she struck the street, breaking almost every bone in her body.

Almost at the same time a man somersaulted down upon the shoulder of a policeman holding the tarpaulin. He glanced off, struck the sidewalk and was picked up dead. Within the building a man on the ninth floor stationed himself at the door of one of the elevators and with a club kept back girls who stampeded to the wire cage. Thirty were admitted to the car at a time.

(Continued on Page 4.)